

Fat Les

"Soda and Soap"

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[Verse One: Masta Ace]

I met this girl named Fantasy on wall street
From Tahedi, real Tahesian treat
She had a lot of "pep see" honey was peace
And she told me she liked my smile like shy niece
She danced at this club and made the guys holler
And in a "minute made" like a thousand dollars
The club that was run by "Mr. Schweppes", he had a rep
And everybody watched they step
Cuz word on the street was he was no joke
Had everything from crack, marijuana to "coke"
Later at the club saw this guy named Wayne
Who always bettin' money on the Giants game
As soon as it's on yo I stayed away
Cuz he the type who "welches" a bet and won't pay
I keep tryin' to tell him be a straight stepper
Somebody gonna "slice" him and send him a "Dr.
Pepper"
Went to the bar checked the score
Got the bartender told him what to pour
He put it on my "tab" as he filled my cup
And told me the game was tied "7up"
Around 12 o'clock she came out to dance
Had all the guys pushing just to have a chance
To spend a little money trying to see the rest
She was blessed, in an "orange crushed" velvet dress
But I stayed by the bar cuz I already know how it go
I already saw the show
See I went to a club like this in Toronto
And came back from "Canada dry" with no dough
And ever since then I see and see clear
You never find love in this atmosphere
Sometimes you gotta find a better place to be in
Maybe go to a "mountain do" a little skiing
So I finished up my drink and I said goodbye
And got home before the "sun kissed" the sky
No matter where you from or which way you leaning
Now goin' pop got a whole new meaning

[Chorus: Jean Grae]

Don't you know we got a lot in here

Wanna be a part of what we got in here
Sorta like we got the whole block in here
No it ain't Nelly but it's "Hot In Here", we got it locked in
here
Won't stop (you know), come and drink in numbers like
h2o
Soon you gonna hear us everyplace you go
Bubble like the soda kinda like the soap
I just hope you know, it don't stop

[Verse Two: Masta Ace]

The Y2k is a brand new "era"
I'm tryin' to make hits like Yogi Berra
I wonder how long I'll be in this biz
Cuz it's not all "cheer" like you think it is
There's a whole lot to "gain" but a lot to lose
Just ask any rapper who paid dues
Everybody now and then bound to struggle
I just grab my wife and we lay and "snuggle"
We talk about the "ivory" coast how one day
We gonna sail on the "tide" and get whisked away
Look up at the stars 'til the crack of "dawn"
Hold up I never leave your side for long
But for now I keep on making you "bounce"
And make "sure" something in my checking accounts
Grab my cell phone and then start to "dial"
Take a look at my life and start to smile
It's funny how the game make you change your tone
Cuz the "joy" of my life is the microphone
So I straighten up my act and keep doin' my thing
Gettin' the green nahimean getting it clean

[Chorus: Jean Grae]

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